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BELLE VUE.

THE LION'S LEVEE.

HIS MAJESTY the King of Beasts, and Her Majesty the Lioness, held a *levée* at Belle Vue Gardens on Monday last. The following royal personages attended the levée:—His Royal Highness the Bengal Tiger; H.R.H. the Young Lion; their Imperial Highnesses the Russian Bears; His Imperial Highness the Eagle; the Indian Nawab, the Elephant; and the Grand Llama.

In attendance were the Lord Head Keeper of the Beasts; the White Bull Terrier, Equerry to H.R.H. the Young Lion; the Bactrian Camel in waiting on the Nawab, the Elephant; the Raven in attendance on the Eagle; and the Guanaco in waiting on the Grand Llama.

The diplomatic circle was attended by the Russian Wolves; the Persian Cat; the American 'Coon; the Tasmanian Devils; the Norwegian Owl; the Swedish Turnip; the Arabian Vulture; the Macaw, and the Cockatoo.

The general circle was attended by Mr. Jennison, First Lord of the Menagerie; the Lord Mottled Seal; the President of the Fire Works; the Chief Secretary of State for the Dancing Department; the Blue-faced Monkey, Chief Meddler in Foreign Affairs; the Jackal, Chancellor of the Exchequer and British Lions' Provider; the Keeper of the Seals; the Kangaroo, Colonial Secretary; the Hyena, War Department; the Porcupine, Home Secretary; the Gnu, Master of the Horned Horse; "Bishop Birds (Africa);" "the Cardinals (America);" "Parson Finches;" General Stork; Captain Hawk; Ensign Pigeon; Alderman Penguin; and the Heron, Belle Vue Town Clerk.

The presentations were numerous, and the state equipages were gorgeous in the extreme. Our own carriage, which we entered, or rather, climbed to the knife-board thereof, in Market Street, was of the most antique construction, and must have been built before the commencement of the present reign. The three horses which dragged the antediluvian vehicle ought to have been consigned at once to the head knacker at Belle Vue, and delivered over to the carnivorous animals. We are bound to state that our carriage, which conveyed us for the charge of threepence per head outside, did not belong either to the Messrs. Jennison or to the Manchester Carriage Company; but throughout the journey to Court, we felt ourselves in momentary danger of being taken up by a representative of the Association for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, for never before did we ride behind three such wretched rips as those which conveyed us to the lion's levée on Monday last. Having presented the Lord Chamberlain's card, that is to say, the ticket bearing the initials of Messrs. John Jennison and Co., we were immediately ushered into the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen. The Lion received his visitors most graciously, and with that air of cool indifference to mundane affairs for which he is so remarkable, except when the hour of dinner draweth nigh. The King of beasts neither sat upon his throne nor received his subjects standing, but lay flat upon his side upon the floor of the State Chamber, and scrupulously kept his eyes closed as the visitors passed before the presence. Owing to the position of His Majesty, we scarcely had an opportunity of inspecting him closely upon this occasion. His loins still appear to be somewhat slack, as we noticed last year and the year preceding. His mane is in good order, and his whole demeanour partakes of that oriental dignity for which he is so remarkable. The Lioness, last year on the occasion of our visit was occupied with the cares of a young family of cubs; but this year she is unencumbered, and, sympathizing with her lord, she not only received her visitors in a recumbent posture, but kept her back to them during the greater part of the afternoon. Once only did the king open his amber-coloured eyes, but after casting one glance of listless indifference on the brilliant array before him, he closed them again, and relapsed into a profounder slumber than before. H.R.H. the Bengal tiger has only lately arrived at Belle Vue. He is still young, and not full grown. Like all his race, he has a very treacherous and sinister expression about the eyes. Unlike the king and queen, the Bengal tiger appeared to be particularly wide awake on the occasion of our visit, and he did not seem to be on the best of terms with the other royal personages present. A lady who was present at court on this occasion inquired of us what kind of an animal "this 'ere wur." On our replying that it was a tiger, her ladyship asked if it "wur a kind o' dog loike;" and when we informed her that it was not a dog, but a cat, she appeared more astonished than ever. This of course was her ladyship's first presentation at the Court of Belle Vue; but where on earth she could have sprung from, with her peculiar notions of zoology, was a mystery to us. The young lion has grown very much since last year, when he was a cub of a few weeks old. He is still domiciled with his guardian, the white bull-terrier, who looks after him with the greatest assiduity. The young prince takes after his sire, the reigning monarch, and apparently ignores everything going on around him. He is very much altered in appearance—nearly as much so as the claimant to the Tichborne estate, since, as alleged, he was in the Carabineers some years ago. The young lion is evidently jealous of the distinguished position next the throne which has been allotted to the Bengal tiger; and, judging from the expression of his countenance, we should say that he is meditating a scheme whereby to overthrow his rival. The white bull-terrier, who is entirely devoted to the young lion, keeps watch day and night, and knows all that is going on. We may rest satisfied that if the young lion is not shortly promoted from the obscure and sunless den in which he has hitherto been confined, we shall hear of a revolt at Belle Vue. We have good reason to know that the restless leopards and panthers in the adjoining cages are in at the conspiracy against the reigning family and the Bengal tiger, and that communications have been established through the whole line of cages containing the leopards, jaguars, wolves, hyenas, and jackalls.

The Mottled Privy Seal has a department, or, we should rather say, a compartment entirely appropriated to himself, and in this sequestered tank adjoining the new maze he swims about all day in a very knowing and industrious fashion. A vacancy having lately occurred at the Admiralty, owing to the illness of the First Lord, it was thought that the Privy Seal would have been appointed to that post, but the supposition caused such a commotion in the menagerie that the Prime Minister, Mr. Jennison, ignored his aquatic and amphibious claims, and gave the command of the fleet on the great lake to one of the simious and calculating animals out of the monkey cage. This appointment caused a tremendous uproar among the water fowl. The penguins inflated their breasts and pockets more than ever. The swans left their native element and waddled about on dry land like heavy dragoons on foot on a turnpike road. The geese gabbled and screamed, and the whole lake was in a state of mutiny. The new First Lord of the Admiralty, however, manages very well so far, and has been several times round the great lake, in the Admiralty steamer, without being sea-sick. The young seals are at present confined to a small tank in the menagerie, and are being brought up in the way they should go, and we have little doubt that if they follow the example of their predecessor when they are old they will not depart from it. The gnu or horned horse from South Africa was a great source of attraction at the levée. Barring the head, he exactly resembles an ill-conditioned, hog-maned butcher's pony. When we inspected him he was lying down, and not all that we could do could provoke him to get up. After pelting him with small pebbles, scolding him, coaxing him, and trying all manner of devices, he merely shook his horny head as much as to say "not if he gnu it." He is an ill-tempered-looking animal, with two large crooked horns growing out of his head, the reverse way to that of a large black-faced tup. If the gnu or horned horse were to start for the Derby or one of our great races on the night previous to the contest, he might have a chance of taking the stakes back with him to Africa.

The large aviary adjoining the lion's reception room is in excellent order, and the art of nidification is rapidly being proceeded with. The aviary is one of the greatest attractions of the gardens, as the birds may

be almost said to be living in a state of nature. Many of the nests are suspended from the boughs of trees and are of extraordinary construction. They are composed of grass, of which an abundant supply is afforded the birds, and the entrance is from the bottom. On the occasion of our visit one small bird of a deep purple plumage had just commenced its nest, which it did by constructing a sort of platform between two twigs of a tree. This amounted to laying the foundation of its habitation. When we returned to the place, after a couple of hours absence, the bird had its nest more than half built. It was most interesting to watch the little creature at its work. It appeared to have no mate; at least, if it had, it received no assistance from that gentleman, who, possibly, might have been at his club, leaving his wife to do the drudgery at home. After carefully selecting a stalk of grass from a distant part of the aviary, the architect flew back with it to the tree which contained a number of other nests. After manipulating the stalk or blade of grass until it got it to the proper length, it then proceeded to fasten one end to the twig of the tree, which it did in the most artistic manner, twisting it round and round, and making it fast, much as a sailor does a rope. Then it wove the rest of the stalk through the reeds which had been already plaited together, and so on until it finished the roof and closed it in a conical shape. Another small bird of the same species seemed to be desirous of taking possession of a nest which did not belong to it, and which was the property of two birds of the most brilliant golden plumage. The intrusion was quickly resented, and the burglar was not only ejected, but was pursued up and down the aviary by the proprietors with the most unrelenting fury, and appeared thankful to make his or her escape.

The polar bears were not present at the levée, and as we did not see them anywhere in the gardens, we conclude that they are either dead or have left. Their former habitation and tank are now occupied by the Russian bears, our old friend with the lame paw and his companion, the one which we believe killed his keeper a few years since. As, however, we do not wish to slander even a bear, we shall not be certain of this. The two other pits are now occupied by some young American bears. One of these was busily engaged eating biscuits. Another was making vain efforts to climb up the pit by the iron gate, while a third had esconced himself upon the top of the tree in the centre of the pit, and was fast asleep. His position was very ludicrous, and he seemed in imminent danger of falling off. First he had squatted on his haunches upon an iron bar, which is bored horizontally through the tree; then he placed his body across it, and put his fore paws over the other end of the iron bar, resting his head upon the extreme apex of the tree. There he lay blinking and basking in the sun, and nothing could induce him to move. We almost expected to see him start in his sleep, and fall headlong to the ground, but no such catastrophe occurred. The absence of the polar bears is a great loss, as they used to be one of the greatest attractions of the collection, and their gambols in the water were very interesting. We must repeat what we said in a former article, that the collection is wanting in pachyderms and amphibious animals. Hippopotami are difficult to get, but a few otters would prove very attractive; and Mr. Jennison has so much space at his command that he could even construct a beaver dam, which could not fail to draw many spectators to the grounds. The elephant seems to us to have increased in bulk since we last saw her. Two lads were giving her bits of bread, first requesting her to grind her coffee mill, which she readily complied with. However, one of the lads drew away his hand on one occasion after offering the bread; after that nothing could induce her to turn her mill, and she turned her back upon her betrayer with unmistakable disgust. We never saw offended dignity better expressed. There was contempt even in the wag of her rat-like tail.

The costumes worn at the levée were very brilliant, and the birds were as bright and gay as the ladies at Ascot or on the lawn at Goodwood. The cockatoos wore large chignons of natural growth, and all the rouge of the macaws was natural and not bought in a shop. The humps of the bison and the dromedary were much admired and are quite *à la mode*. Two emus which are located in the kiosk near the Long-sight entrance have the real Grecian bend, and their mincing gait, as if they wore boots with high pointed heels, is a study from nature. The large picture of the city and forts of Strasburg is a very excellent one, and looks well even by daylight. During the levée the military band belonging to the gardens was in attendance.

GLEANINGS FROM "GUARDIAN" THE FIRST.

IV.

THE following items of news from the column devoted by the first *Guardian* to foreign intelligence read quaintly enough now :—

"It is believed that the Sovereigns have transmitted to the present Spanish Government a note explanatory of their sentiments on the political changes introduced into that country. A similar note is understood to have been transmitted to Lisbon."

At that period "the Sovereigns" were almost constantly very busy watering with vapid sentiments the arid surface of political affairs. If some clever Spaniard or Portuguese of that day had turned round upon good King George IV. of England and good King Louis of France "explanatory of his sentiments" on their political conduct, their majesties would have had to drink some very hot controversial grog. A very general interest is indicated in the foreign column before us, as for instance :—

"The papers of Portugal give reason to apprehend that intrigues and conspiracies are at work in that kingdom."

Another reason why "the Sovereigns" should have become "explanatory."

"Brazil.—The spirit of independence appears to be spreading rapidly through the Portuguese colonies in South America."

Coming nearer home we learn that at

"Ashton-under-Lyne. For a considerable time past much discussion has existed amongst the inhabitants of this Parish on subjects connected with the management of their local affairs. It has been customary annually to appoint four churchwardens * * * ."

We don't quote the remainder of the paragraph, inasmuch as about this period Mr. Hugh Mason was born, and thus afforded a vista of relief to his fellow townsmen. But Bahia, Pernambuco, and Ashton were in a ferment, that is certain. Of the latter place it is stated, "Our readers are probably aware that some weeks ago a fire broke out in the church at Ashton;" but whether this is a covert allusion to Mr. Mason's birth we are not informed. The church at Ashton has, however, as we know, been more or less in a conflagratory condition ever since, and it is probably only owing to the congenial reign of Lord Stamford—that "fidei defensor et lumen ecclesiæ"—that the church at Ashton has not by this time been utterly consumed.

From the Admiralty Office, dated April 28, 1821, we have news that Mr. *Salt*, the Consul-General in Egypt, had received advices of the successful termination of an expedition sent from India for the purpose of obtaining redress for the injuries which the British interests had suffered from the officers of the Imaum of *Senna;* a happy conjunction of Salt and Senna which, we hope, would bring about a healthier state of affairs both for British interests and the Imaum.

Turning to the Parliamentary Intelligence, almost the very first name we find is the familiar one of Lord Palmerston, who had then been War Minister uninterruptedly for twelve years, and who was destined to occupy that post continuously for seven years longer. His lordship, on this same 30th of April, moved that the house should resolve itself into a committee to consider the army estimates. Mr. Creevey said they had now been sitting six weeks upon the army estimates without a single reduction in any one item proposed having been agreed to. In this particular direction, half a century would seem to have made very little change. Mr. Cardwell and the patriotic colonels have been at it for more than six weeks, and we know how many clauses of the Purchase Bill have been got through. From the second volume of Lord Brougham's Autobiography we learn that Mr. Creevy "was a stout man, scant of breath, and still more scant of speech," but he appears to have said the

right thing on this occasion. Mr. Hume spoke in the same debate; also Lord Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh; Lord John Russell, and others, amongst whom we perceive a Mr. Bright, but not a Rochdale Bright, we may be sure, otherwise Lord Castlereagh would have had to have looked out sharp. The other familiar names in the Parliamentary columns of the first *Guardian* are Sir Henry Hardinge and Mr. Bernal, eminent as the sire of Bernal Osborne—eminent to that extent—which may not be very extensive after all, even the electors of Waterford themselves being the judges.

Of the upper house we only get a little glimpse—some eight lines being devoted to Lord Holland, who presented a petition from St. John's, Newfoundland. The Whigs have a habit of making out that his lordship was rather a shining light; but they cannot mean that he did much directly for his fellow-countrymen in a public capacity. Judging from his portrait, which adorns the beautiful vestibule of the Reform Club in London, his lordship does not look very like a cloud-compelling Jupiter. A chubby-faced, full-lipped, round-limbed noble, dressed in decorous black, without any shirt-collar—like the President of the Methodist Conference, *a la* Bunting—meets us as we gaze upon the presentment of this historic patrician. Nevertheless, he found out that Tom Moore and Tom Macaulay were rather good company, and he had the pluck to invite them to Holland House; and they in their turn had the grace to make his name famous by mentioning it. The lapse of fifty years has not augmented (rather the reverse) the number of peers who have sought out poets and historians and cast their coronets at the feet of genius; but not a few of them make it all right with Mr. Delane, who vicariously eats for the universal brotherhood of letters—Dr. Russell being held in reserve for off-nights.

And so we have drawn back the curtain and looked at the early lineaments of the familiar newspaper with which we have slid along the slope of the last thirty years at least—not always in unison with its teachings or its spirit, but always with a full recognition of its usefulness, of its mercantile adventure, and of its success. If in the inventory of its adventure we can never detect—at all events during the period we have known it—that it has been before its time, we ought to say that in the commingelement of valour and discretion the latter attribute invariably got the best of it. The valour truly was there—no one who knew the late Mr. J. E. Taylor, or Mr. Garnett, or Mr. Harland, could ever doubt that—but as in councils of war the hottest warrior is very seldom triumphant, so in that of the *Guardian*, the hottest warrior has occupied his conventional position consistently. As a reflex of political thought, which if it be not level is considered indecorous and even dissolute, the *Manchester Guardian* has behaved like the young gentleman at school whose marks for good conduct have been achieved by a wholesome horror of the cane. The stripes which announce exemplary behaviour have never been derived from a balance of marks in front and in rear, since of the latter there has been no exposition which could give occasion for a single wale, and so the motto of "cave canem" has been diligently observed. Against a wise adherence to this maxim, no rivalry—even the keenest to which an organ of public opinion can be exposed—has been allowed to prevail. The political gales which blew in this district during the decade ending in the spring of 1857 sufficed not to tear a stitch of the canvas which was set by the mariners then on the deck of the weather-beaten craft; and after that memorable spring the sunlight brightened once more the ropes and spars and spotless decks of the good ship and her crew. Now-a-days the sea has no troughs into which vessels of the sort can sink. For the moment, at all events, it is all plain sailing; and when the political barometer shall fall again, and the storm signals shall be set, it will be time enough then to take the bearings of the *Manchester Guardian*.

We cannot close these chapters of gossip anent this newspaper without remarking upon the lavish expenditure of literary labour and ability which, especially in these latter days, has been conspicuous in the columns of the Press. If we say that the public does not adequately requite the gentlemen who serve them in this respect so well, we ought also to say that it is next to an impossibility that the public should do so. Yet let us only think for a moment what this means. As regards honorary recompense the public is chained to an inexorable incapacity for affording it; and even where this is not so, the rapid multiplication of newspaper leaders in these days leads up to such an infernal stampede that the big buffaloes and the small trample each other to death indifferently. When we look, on a Saturday afternoon, on the tables of the Exchange or Athenæum news-room at the mass of brain-work, daily and weekly, which is poured from the sacks of the news-agents, and reflect upon the fact that good as it is—in some respects a triumph of mental concentration, the very best of the very best minds of the journalistic cohorts—it but epitomizes George Herbert's verse—"The dews shall weep thy fall to-night, for thou must die;" then we do most unaffectedly declare that no compensation in mere money, not the largest awarded to the chieftain of his profession, can express the self-abnegation of those men who year after year devote their energies to such an occupation. Louis Kossuth in one of the grandest of his English orations spoke of the unnamed heroes of the battle-fields, mutely dead, with their faces to the heavens, but who shall celebrate the achievements of the unnamed heroes of journalism, whose pioneering flambeaux precede the march of the people, but who themselves are enveloped in shadows always?

MR. VOYSEY.

WE went to hear the Rev. Charles Voysey, ex-vicar of Healaugh, lecture on Rationalism in Manchester last week. We had been somewhat disappointed with the Rationalists, having recently been to hear their great apostle, Mr. Bradlaugh, on which occasion we admitted with self-humiliation that we had spent our threepence for naught. But we were encouraged to hope for something more dignified on Friday evening last, on learning that Mr. Voysey's lecture was to be delivered in the Memorial Hall. If any of our readers are ignorant where the Memorial Hall is, we may inform them that it is that structure which looks like a slice cut from some old mansion or semi-ecclesiastical building and dabbed on to the side of the gas offices in Albert Square. It is consecrated to gatherings of a highly respectable character. The audience which we found assembled to hear Mr. Voysey justified our expectations. It appeared to be composed of gentlemen and ladies sufficiently advanced in years and education to be capable of exercising intelligent judgment. There were about three hundred people present. The lecturer, moreover, was a very different looking man from the blatant personage whom we saw sucking oranges and heard screaming himself hoarse at the Free Trade Hall a few Sunday evenings ago. When the Chairman introduced Mr. Voysey, a little man clad in clerical habiliments stepped forward and proceeded to read a manuscript in a quiet manner, but with a perfectly distinct utterance. There was no declamation, no gesticulation, no awkward pauses, no unnecessary repetition; and on the other hand there was no monotony. The whole performance may be best described as being very neat. During the delivery of the lecture the audience was attentive, the silence being only occasionally broken by applause. It appeared to us that the most genuine applause greeted the expression of general principles rather than Mr. Voysey's particular application of them. One or two sarcastic touches provoked smiles. When the lecture was over no *gamins* stood on the seats and screamed *Vive la Secularism!* as at the Free Trade Hall, but the audience quietly dispersed. At the bottom of the stairs we purchased a little pamphlet written by Mr. Voysey—being indeed an autobiographical sketch of his religious and clerical career. We have since read this, and thus all we know of the ex-vicar of Healaugh comes from his own lips and his own pen.

Mr. Voysey undoubtedly stands somewhat apart from the dead level of humanity; but we fail as yet to see in him one of the world's great teachers or reformers. It does not appear to us to be probable that he will produce a great impression on the mind of the age, or that in the future history of mental progress any period will be called by his name. We detect in him a narrowness of vision, a want of breadth of judgment in his criticisms, and especially in his way of arriving at conclusions, which is behind the intellect of the time as expressed in the highest contemporary literature. He cannot see *at once* all the mysteries of heaven and earth. We have got beyond the point to which Mr. Voysey is trying to guide us. His "new method of religious thought," as expounded the other evening, sounded like an echo of one-half of our experience only, leaving quite silent the other correcting, guiding, and, we think, more trustworthy half. Nowhere is Mr. Voysey's weakness of judgment so strongly exemplified as in his explanation of his connection with the Church. He appears to have mistaken the meaning of everything around him. How it came to pass that a man holding the opinions which he asserts that he held should have deliberately taken Anglican orders we cannot understand. All the talk of laxity of discipline at that time, of the practical mere formality of the Articles, of the numerous examples set for his imitation by university teachers and preachers does not lesson the immorality of the step; and though it might be pardoned to inexperience, and thought nothing of in the great multitude of cases, yet for the new apostle of truth, the young reformer whose sole ambition was to overturn error and sweep away misconception, not to have seen that under the circumstances ordination was wrong, is at least a proof of the grave fallibility of modern apostles. And inconsistency is just the distinguishing feature of modern apostles, and is one which very much confuses the simple minds of parishioners and followers.

But, however much Mr. Voysey's history tends to lessen the influence which he may exert over the minds of his contemporaries—and it cannot but prove damaging in this respect—he has at least persevered in the utterance of his opinions even to the loss of his vicarage, which seems to indicate that he has been honest, if not wise. *Now*, at all events, he occupies a clear and independent position, and we may consider what is the value of the creed which he offers for our acceptance: for, although the reverend gentleman asserts that he is no creed-maker, his "new method of religious thought," as preached by him, is to us nothing but a new creed. Rationalism, according to Mr. Voysey, means, in the first place, reverence for the Queen, with liberty on the part of the subject to adopt whatever political changes may prove, or promise to prove, beneficial to the commonwealth. In the second place it means respect for the laws, even when they are against ourselves, or are unjust, but combined with this respect liberty to abrogate or alter, in a lawful manner, all obnoxious or obsolete ones. In religious matters, also, Rationalism means to be equally rational, but as different people may differ as to what *is* rationalism in religion, Mr. Voysey defined his principles more minutely, and illustrated his method of applying them. From these explanations and examples we gathered that nothing is to be believed in, which we do not develop from ourselves; in other words, a man must sit down and think out a faith, taking care to make his Deity—if he decided to have one—better than himself. The Bible is to be treated simply as a literary production: which means that its teachings are to be valued in comparison with those of the last novel, according to the taste of the reader. We are to accept nothing which is incomprehensible unless it is a fact proved by science. We are to be good, of course—we presume according to our knowledge of right and wrong.

We are not of those who are always crying for some new thing. We have a great objection to the destruction of anything which is established or made, if even it be only a brick buliding, unless we see a good reason for the change. We have the same feelings in religious matters. No doubt if we had been of the Ephesians we should have gone on worshipping Diana, unless the Apostle Paul had found us out, and shown us the great advantage, mentally and morally, of the new religion. At the same time we are always ready to learn if a man comes with a power to give us a deeper insight into those mysteries which surround us, and which we are. But Mr. Voysey's "new method" is to us a very old one; we have tried it and found it wanting. Although Rationalism tells us that the thing is ridiculous, we have learnt a host of true things, with which our reason had nothing at all to do. Moreover, the rev. gentleman's system leaves us still surrounded with mysteries; nay, what were not only mysteries, but facts before, now become contradictions. Even Mr. Voysey's avowed beliefs grow into absurdities if examined by the "new method." He bids us make a Ruler of the Universe who would do nothing that we in our present condition would not do. But how *can* we do so? *We* would not shake the earth so as to engulph men, women, and children—the innocent with the guilty; neither would we permit sin to continue and sorrow to strike down. Yet, whatever sort of a deity we create, these things go on. We may reject dogmas because we dislike them; but the universe is full of dogmas, which we are compelled to accept; and we ourselves are dogmas imposed upon ourselves, coming into the world and leaving it without our wishes being consulted in the least. Our "proud reasons" may "refuse to bow," but the universe goes on, nevertheless, in its own way. Hence we do not see that Mr. Voysey's system can help us in our search for the truth; while, on the other hand, it is unphilosophical to reject any well-authenticated doctrine, merely because it appears unjust to our minds, which at best are acquainted with but a portion of the divine plan. *Les hommes jugent connaître;* and therefore they judge foolishly.

We do not think that either Churchmen or Dissenters care to be fairly charged with bigotry or intolerance if they decline to allow Mr. Voysey to occupy any of their pulpits. While broad Christians of every sect concede to all men the right to exercise an unbiassed judgment, and to express honest opinions freely, they cannot rationally be blamed if they decline to place in the office of teacher, a man whose wisdom and power of perceiving truth they consider to be inferior to their own. Moreover, Mr. Voysey appears to us to mistake the tendency of the "broad" church. Its tendency is to explain, not to reject.

MY SONNY 'N HEIR.

By J. J. Billings.

OH! who has the sonnest 'n heirest cuss
In all the country round?
Oh! don't you go makin no manner o' fuss,
For he's mine, for a thousan' pound.

If you think I'm reelin out too much line,
Just drop in some day goin' by,
'N if you aint struck with this varmint o' mine,
Well!—Tell me the reason why.

I aint very sweet in a gen'ral way,
Not neither on gal kind *nor* boy,
But darn my cats if I don't feel gay
With my stock of paternal joy.

For my cuss is fly to the rigs 'n jokes
Of an or'nary full-sized man,
'N he swars 'n drinks, 'n spits, 'n smokes—
'Most as well as a Christian can.

A Bourbon whisky jar held his pap;
Well!—he smashed the glass to bits,
'N he chawed 'em up, did this smart young chap,
'N he sent his dam into fits.

Then he shinned her well 'n that brought her to,
'N he gouged his nuss's eye;
'N——— if he don't fit your enlightened view—
Just mention the reason why.

He twists old mousetrap by the tail,
Just to make the critter swar;
'N he'd take out the eye-teeth, I'll go bail,
From the jaws of a grizzly bar.

Oh, aint I proud o' my sonny 'n heir,
'N aint he just 'shamed o' me:
He's the out-an'-outest, spry affair
My two eyes ever see.

They tell me he'll sartin 'n sure be hanged
If he don't make haste 'n git drowned;
Oh, I'll back he's the sonnest 'n heirest cuss
For forty or fifty mile round.

But I want no more, I can truly say,
Like the sonny 'n heir I've got;
'N if any more on 'em *should* come our way
There'll be something or somebody shot.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MR. VOYSEY AND THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

MR. CHARLES VOYSEY, sometime vicar of Healaugh, has lectured twice in Manchester during the past week—once on Rationalism, and once on the Bible—and has preached two sermons at the Unitarian Chapel in Upper Brook Street. Two articles in our present number deal with his address on Rationalism, and with his relations to the Unitarians; and in this place we wish to say a word about the prominent appearance at his lectures of two members of the Society of Friends. At the first, Mr. Charles Thompson, J.P., formerly a town councillor and an active member of the Alliance, seconded the vote of thanks to Mr. Voysey; and at the second lecture the chair was occupied by Mr. David Duncan. It may be perfectly right, but we should like to be assured that it is so from some one in authority. Mr. Voysey propounded Rationalistic views of a peculiar kind; disputed the authority of the Bible and the divinity of Christ; and said some entirely heterodox things about the Trinity and the Atonement. Now we know that there has been something like a divergence of views on many important points of the Christian creed among the members of the Society of Friends in Manchester—a divergence which has led to a long and patient inquiry by the Yearly Meeting, *i.e.*, the over-ruling and dominant power of the Society—but we doubt whether any of the members have committed themselves so far as to proclaim a pure deism after the Voysey type. It is a matter of public interest to inquire whether the prominent appearances of Messrs. Thompson and Duncan indicate any new aspect of the schism, and how far their proceedings are to be taken as representative of the opinions of the body to which they belong.

AN ACADEMY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC ART.

The eminent veteran dramatist, Mr. J. R. Planché, whose services to the stage we desire always to hold in grateful remembrance, has suggested in the *Builder* the establishment of an institution on the model of the Comédie Française—namely, an academy of English dramatic art. He proposes, first, the formation of an influential society, which should build or become owners of a theatre, should select a company from the best artists in England, and should pay the actors all the year round whether the plays produced succeeded or not. The proposal has other features into which it is needless to enter. The example set by the Comédie Française—the members of which are now in London, and will, we believe, appear in Manchester ere long—is assuredly one that would tend to raise the status of the profession and advance the highest and best interests of the stage in this country; and we should be glad to hear of the success of Mr. Planché's suggestion. The itinerating company system, the star system, and the airs, fancies, crotchets, and absurd claims of actors are doing much to ruin dramatic art in England. It is time the cultivated supporters of the stage took measures to arrest its downward course, and introduce a new code of laws and regulations for the control and elevation of the profession.

LOCAL CRICKET.

On Saturday last the Longsighters turned out in great force to witness a match between the Longsight Club and the Garrison, for the benefit of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Schools. Longsight, like Cheetham Hill, is a suburb which retains many of its original characteristics, and the Cricket Club, which is an institution in the village, is possessed with a fine *esprit de corps*. The Longsight men, be it at cricket or bowls, invariably do their best, and they always give us the impression, that if it were at all necessary they would be nothing loth to throw down the bat and ball and take to fisticuffs with their antagonists. The match on Saturday, although in favour of a most praiseworthy object, was a very one-sided affair, and the Garrison, which was weakened by some of their players being engaged in a match at Bolton, was hopelessly beaten. Next Friday and Saturday, the most interesting local match of the year will be commenced on the Broughton ground, when the first game of the home-and-home match between the Manchester Club and Ground and the Broughton Club and Ground will be played. Since we noticed the match between Broughton and Cheetham Hill, a few weeks since, the Broughton Club has been defeated on their own ground by the Burnley Club, and on Saturday last by the Bowdon Club. We trust, however, that next week Broughton will put its best foot foremost, and that we shall see something like a match. The old Broughton First Eleven, which a few years back were bad to beat, are a thing of the past, and the two Makinsons and Mr. Payne are about all that remain of that famous batting team. There is, however, plenty of young blood in Broughton, if they choose to exert themselves, in spite of the enervating influences of bowls and billiards. A new feature in the match this year will be that Hickton will play on the Manchester side against his old club. The Broughton cricketers know Hickton's bowling, but on the other hand Hickton knows the Broughton batsmen's weak points. At present, the betting (for on what will not Englishmen bet?) is six to four freely offered on Manchester. Mr. J. Makinson was in very good form last week, both at Oxford and Cambridge, and were Mr. Frank Wright to turn up, the Old Trafford Club would not have it all its own way. The Captain of the Broughton Eleven never knows when he is beaten, and has bothered George Parr over and over again. We trust, therefore, that we shall see a good match. At all events, let us have the game played out. Dilly-dallying, procrastinating, dodging, and getting behind the North Wind in order to draw the game, disgusts the public, and enfeebles the players themselves. Nothing would do the Broughton Club more good in its present critical position, than to receive a sound thrashing from its old opponents the Manchester Club.

THE FASHIONS.

SINCE we last penned a few remarks about the attire or adornments of the dear creatures, several novelties have been provided by them for our delectation. In the opening spring, if there has been any, which we are not sure about, at all events about the time when the almanac said it was spring, the bonnets and feminine hats, especially the hats, were encircled with bright flowery garlands, or heaped up in front with gay posies of flowers. These seem to have been succeeded by fruit, for the little spaces which are surrounded by the brims are made up carefully into the semblance of a raised pie, round or oval, covered round the outside crust or wall of the pie with ribbon, either plain or in a quilling, and surmounted by a little ornament or "twiddle" *a la mode de* Melton Mowbray. The white hat, of immortal memory, was worn by the miller to keep his head warm, but in this case the head must warm the pie. It is probably used for the daughter to take her father a hot dinner to town. It might certainly be awkward if the gravy got spilt. It would play the juice with the other parts of the costume, if, like the celebrated ointment, it ran down to the skirts of her clothing.

Talking of which, we notice that white is becoming very prevalent—from the white piqué braided with black, to the white book-muslin, worn either plain or *en costume* over a black or coloured short dress of silk or other material. Such parts of the fashions as come from the continent are, of course, largely infected with black, or black and white—one result of the war, and not a pleasant reminder of it either—but it is a magpie business that never took our particular fancy. The white piqués are best either wholly white, or "picked out," to use a coach-builder's phrase, with very pale colours. They should never, if worn in town at all, be worn after one o'clock, and altogether are best suited for the country, the real rural country, where they are suitable until evening.

Muslins, or the people that make them, have, we are glad to observe, abandoned the ridiculously little finikin patterns like comfits and lozenges in shape and colour, and got something like a flower or a small spray of flowers and leaves or both, many of which are extremely

charming. White muslin is, however, a difficult thing to manage well. If it can be worn over anything else it should be, but that is only fit for state occasions; but anyhow, don't let us have any more "transparencies" of arms and shoulders in the streets without either lining or covering.

It is well known that we are always, in the Spanish idiom, at the feet of the ladies, but how is it that with the accession of light and diaphanous raiment, nothing more ornamental has been invented than the black boot? What is more horrible than to see a large black leather boot peering from a delicate muslin skirt? Some years ago a young lady wore bronze or plum colour, or even primrose kid shoes and white silk stockings, but now there is nothing but the abominable boot either for black crape or white tarlatane.

Reverting to bonnets, the straw or chip bonnets are becoming once more visible, but others are as great (or little) monstrosities as ever. There seems no intention or design in any but those made of black materials. This theory we formed on the opening day of the Flower Show, and it was confirmed by careful observation at a fashionable church last Sunday. The fact is, so much time is spent in dressing the hair that there is none left for the consideration of the bonnet. The result is that they are wearing anything, hats even, merely to save trouble. The hats are all very well for ladies who are quite young, but we should regret the entire extinction of the bonnet. We shall hope to see some amendment in this respect.

THE UNITARIANS AND MR. VOYSEY.

WE want to know what the Unitarians of Manchester mean by the patronage and admiration which they are extending to Mr. Voysey. Are they wishful to abdicate the honourable position which they have hitherto held in the estimation even of their enemies as genuine champions of correct morality, whose works are, broadly speaking, worthy of their professions? If not we are at a loss to understand their attitude towards this preacher, whose persistent efforts to make himself the sensation of the day have at length been crowned with a partial success. We confess we are also puzzled that a denomination which is so anxious to be considered Christians, and whose enemies are so eager to deprive it of the title should allow a man, were he the best of men, to promulgate deism from pulpits that are supposed to be devoted to the exposition of Unitarian Christianity. If this is liberality, it is liberality that has grown into a mania, the logical consequence of which would be the promulgation by everybody of everybody's views except his own. But this is a minor matter. The chief enigma is the deplorable fact that the Unitarian body (with, let us remark, some notable exceptions) has thrown the mantle of its high moral reputation over the wretched rags and tatters of a self-made martyr—of a man who has, according to his own confession, for the best years of his life been playing a part, and has only just now been expelled from a church which he had no business ever to have entered. We did think that the Unitarian body had more self-respect than thus to clutch and hug the tainted leavings of another church.

We make no apology for speaking of Mr. Voysey with the utmost candour. He said himself last Sunday night that it was good to call things by their proper names. Moreover, to one who makes such a point of being a martyr, a few hard words are quite a windfall. Mr. Voysey is fond of alluding to his tribulations. He glories in his self-inflicted martyrdom. Like Mawworm, he "likes to be despised." We, therefore, shall not hurt his feelings, if we are outspoken.

We are not in the least prejudiced against him on account of his opinions. Deism is the religion of innumerable great and good men—indeed, of many more of our great men than are assigned to it; and far from thinking that deism is a discredit to Mr. Voysey, we think that Mr. Voysey is a discredit to deism. We are not amongst the number of those bigoted and foolish people who have quite made up "what they are pleased to call their minds" that Mr. Voysey is a man unworthy of respect because he happens not to hold the same opinions as themselves. With those persons we have no sympathy whatever. But, by a sort of fluke, we think they have arrived at a result more near the mark than that attained by infinitely wiser and superior men. We do want to induce these last to pause, and carefully inquire what sort of character this Mr. Voysey is, before they welcome him with open arms.

In a pamphlet, which is magniloquently called an *Episode in the History of Religious Liberty*, but which is in effect nothing more or less than a sketch of the life of Mr. Charles Voysey, characteristically prefaced by a medallion photograph of the same gentleman, Mr. Voysey unblushingly admits, with a self-complacent candour which is amusing as well as disgusting, that he was a full-fledged Deist at the very time when he took orders in the Church of England. Mr. Voysey seems to dwell with honest pride upon this incident in his career, and with reference to his signing of the Articles, remarks, with well-timed jocularity, he was quite used to that. Having solemnly undertaken to conduct the worship, as the Creator, of a person whom he believed to be a very imperfect creature, for twenty years Mr. Voysey has felt himself in duty bound to carry out his undertaking: for Voysey "is an honourable man." So honourable is he, that he never would preach from the pulpit what he didn't honestly believe. Like the character in a recent play who forged wills, but who had not sunk so low as listening to a private conversation, Mr. Voysey was quite used to signing any quantity of false declarations, and of praying any number of false prayers, but with a conscientiousness that is heroic, he would *not* preach sermons that he didn't believe. These assertions are not ours, but Mr. Voysey's own. This is the man, according to his own account, who stands up in the pulpits of whomsoever so far forget their self-respect as to permit him, and has the effrontery to point out imperfections in the character of Jesus. We would listen attentively to the views of any honest man on any subject under or above the sun, but we did find it difficult to keep our seats in Upper Brook-street Open Church, last Sunday night, and listen to such criticism from the lips of such a man. When he spoke out a few words for Judas, we heard him with interest, but when he began to analyse the character of Him he has for twenty years insincerely worshipped as a perfect God, we felt moved to follow the example of the worthy, but, we dare say, very foolish couple, who went out. Had we done so we should have been spared the irritation of hearing any more of the "noble sentiments" with which Mr. Voysey embellished his discourse. We had rather, at any time, have admiration of what is right and true expressed in a man's works than in his words, but such admiration from the lips of a Voysey is not to be endured. Such righteousness is "sounding brass," indeed.

But indignation is wasted upon such a man. He has gained a fictitious importance for a time, after which he will sink to the level of his abilities, whatever they may be. The principal and the abiding scandal is, that men of such moral character as Mr. Voysey's Unitarian patrons should have lent themselves to his electro-plated championship of "religious liberty." We always thought that the religious liberty to which the Unitarians aspired was something better than the liberty to sign one thing and think another. We cannot yet believe that it is not. We wait for some vigorous outburst of Unitarian opinion which shall prove this patronage of Mr. Voysey to be the ill-considered action of a busy few, and which shall rid the Unitarian body of the odium of having welcomed with applause a self-convicted and impenitent imposter.

ALL ROUND THE PEAK.

2.—HAYFIELD TO CASTLETON.

HAYFIELD is a pleasant village, half manufacturing, half pastoral in its character, situate on the irregular ground of a green hollow at the foot of Kinder Scout. The River Sett, which rises in the Peak, flows through it, and the grey stone houses are ranged along its banks and about a church with a square-pinnacled tower and unpretending architecture. In the surrounding dells and valleys are works for the manufacture of paper and the printing of cottons, whose owners have been attracted there mainly by the abundant supply of pure water. It has two inns—the Royal, once the parsonage, and the George, a many-roomed ancient hostelry which rumbles up the side of a hill. Here the Oddfellows and operative calico printers meet in solemn conclave. The remaining feature of this place is a brass band, which discourses brazen music to the excursionists on summer Saturday afternoons.

At noon on a rare spring day, with a cloudless blue sky and an atmosphere of southern clearness, after luncheon and a pipe at the Royal, we set out on our way to Castleton, which lies over Kinder Scout and through Edale. It is the season for the breeding of grouse, and there are notices posted in the inn and elsewhere warning us not to

trespass on the mountain. But we have been informed that if we keep the paths there is small fear of molestation. Turning sharp up behind the inn, and taking the right of the road above, which leads us up hill, and past a row of sunny cottages, gay with flowers, overlooking a well-wooded dingle, through which flows the Sett, we presently come in sight of the top of Kinder Scout. It is chiefly distinguishable by a green slope of emerald sward divided by stone walls, with a belt of moorland above, covered by rocks, which stand out in dark relief against the sky. We keep on to the right by the Kinder print works (where, by the way, we notice *en passant*, that a good thing is being done by the planting of trees on waste hill sides), and, turning round, follow the road until we reach a bridge which crosses the stream. Here we leave the mountain road and take a lane to the left for a little distance, and then strike a path up the mountain to the right. Keeping along a stone wall by the dry bed of a rivulet, we ascend until we leave the pasture land and get among stony ground made sharp by prickly gorse. On our way we are joined by a party of artists who smoke short pipes and fraternize in a pleasant manner. From the high vantage ground we have gained we can see far and wide, over valley, hill, and moor, and into the silent recesses of the Peak—solitary wildernesses of rock and heather, with here and there a lonely hut, used as a shooting-box.

As we near the last wall which divides us from the summit, we descry—moving along the other side of it in our direction—a couple of figures clad in velveteen, whom we suspect to be keepers. Our suspicions prove correct. They reach the wall simultaneously with ourselves, and offer a barrier to our further progress. They are very civil, and explain to us a reason for this interference that great damage has been done among the birds by careless pedestrians, in evidence of which one of them points to a great patch of burnt grouse cover accidentally or maliciously destroyed, and which, he assures us, was the best bit of breeding ground on the mountain. For ourselves, we explain that we are seeking the nearest way into Edale, an object which seems to meet with approval, and we are allowed to cross the wall, one of the keepers offering to accompany us to Edale Head. Our artist friends, having no better object than the search for the picturesque to urge (and who might as well have urged the quest of the Sangreal), are not so fortunate. So we leave them on the wrong side of the wall, in conversation with the remaining keeper, and accompany our stalwart guide along the moorland path which skirts the right of the mountain. As we proceed the way gets wider; the stone fences show great gaps in them where the wind has blown through them]; the lower pastures are treeless and scanty, and in distant waste places they are clearing the ground by fire, and the clouds of pale blue smoke are blown along by the wind. Presently we strike the mountain road again which we had left at Kinder, and, taking leave of the keeper, pass a great barrow of rocks and emerge upon Edale Head. Here a view is presented to our astonished eyes so unexpected as almost to appear like a revelation. A thousand feet or more below us stretches a long valley, bordered by hills wild enough in character to impart a sense of sublimity, and forcibly reminding us of some of the smaller valleys of the English Lake Country. The lofty ridges to the left are the outlying buttresses of the Peak. Far away in front, with the road to Castleton lying like a serpentine band of white over its green slope, is Mam Tor, the Shivering Mountain. From Edale Rock, close by, rises the river Noe, which, after flowing through Edale and Hopedale, joins the Derwent not far from Hathersage.

Down the steep way we go, halting only for a while to drink a glass of water on the low stone wall of a neat garden-enclosed cottage, for we meet with no public-house in all our walk through the dale; then we ascend the road over the shoulder of Mam Tor, and drop down into Cavedale. Here we find ourselves in a land of limestone, which crops up in great beds among the green grass, and whitens the roads with a fine powdery dust. The main features of the landscape consist of green knolls and hills of smaller size than those in Edale, intersected with mottled limestone walls, and mostly bare of trees. We go along the Castleton road for a little way; then through a gate on the right, past a small pool shining in the sun like polished steel; then by a stone quarry, into the old Buxton road, which takes us, by the Blue John Mine, to the famous pass of the Winnatts, or Wind Gates. This is decidedly the finest thing we have yet seen, and worth all the journey. The road winds steep down through a narrow gorge between lofty limestone rocks that seem to have been cleft in twain, and which rise up on each side in fantastic lichen-stained towers and battlements. At the outlet of the pass is the Speedwell Mine, into whose cavernous depths we have neither time nor inclination to float. So we push on for Castleton, a village of white houses clustered at the foot of the steep rock upon which stands all that remains of Peveril's Castle of the Peak. The blue is fading from the sky before the soft rose light of early evening, and the rooks are cawing in the trees about the ruined stronghold as we enter the village. We order tea at the Castle Inn, and saunter out on a tour of survey.

A queer little town is this which has grown about the old castle, and taken its name therefrom. It reminds one somewhat of Dolgelly in the quaint odd way in which its houses are placed, though it is much cleaner than the Welsh town. Some six or seven miles removed from a railway station, it is a sort of sleepy hollow, save for the visitors who wake it up o life, and to them it offers for sale in its few shops all sorts of curiosities in the form of spar. Opposite an inn is the church of St. Edmund, an old foundation, but presenting outwardly few attractions. It is a white cemented building, with a square stone tower. The interior is said to be worth inspection for the various styles of architecture which it exhibits. We thread our way through tortuous streets and passages until we reach the foot of the castle hill. A grassy slope, accessible by a zig zag path, rises steeply to the outer wall of this castle. On all sides, save the one fronting the town, are precipitous crevasses of limestone detached from the adjoining hill, and, except from the town side, the castle is inaccessible. A more picturesque situation for a feudal stronghold is scarcely conceivable. Standing on the grassy platform which was once the court-yard, we look down upon the town below and far over the vale of Castleton, round from the Windgates and Mam Tor to Hopedale. Deep down on the left is the chasm containing the Devil's Hole or Peak Cavern. In the rear is a romantic defile, down which there is a mountain path. The castle is said to have been erected by William Peverel, a natural son of William the Conqueror, and to have been held by his successors for two succeeding generations, when it was confiscated by Henry II. for the reason that William Peverel had treacherously murdered the Earl of Chester while in prison. Since then it has passed through many hands, and is now held by the possessor of so many historic ruins—the Duke of Devonshire. It is painful to have one's illusions destroyed, but it must be noted in the interests of truth that Sir Walter Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*, for ever associated in name with this mountain fastness, existed mainly in the imagination of the novelist.

We complete our tour of inspection by a walk into the chasm at the foot of the castle rock where is Peak Cavern and the subterranean stream which, after flowing through cavernous depths, comes out into the light through the limestone cliff. It is twenty years and more since we first saw, in the *Penny Magazine*, a sketch of the entrance of the cavern, with the rude apparatus for rope-making, and there it is, as fresh and exact as if the view had been taken but yesterday. To the invitation to explore the mysterious depths of the Devil's Hole we reply with "No, thank you," and make our way to our inn. Tea over, we set out in the cool evening, and, reluctantly turning our steps from Castleton (which, however, in our walk round the Peak, we shall come upon again), retrace our steps through the Windgates, now solemn with the shades of night. Regaining the high road, we walk for six miles in the darkness, until the lights of the little town of Chapel-en-le-Frith glimmer in the valley below, and we reach the railway station in time for the last train home.

GARDENERS v. BIRDS.

AN interesting case, resulting in an open verdict, has recently been tried in the columns of the *Field;* the question at issue being whether "small birds" are beneficial or injurious to our gardens; whether, in short, they ought to be cherished as friends, or destroyed as foes. The attack and defence were conducted with skill and wit, energy and perseverance, and the learned counsel, each and all, fought with the valour of Orlando and the courtesy of Bayard. The trial was not without its uses, and we propose, after glancing at some of the arguments and weighing their value, to deliver an impartial judgment on a matter of such vital importance to birds and men.

It appears we are threatened with more than the usual allowance of small birds in our suburban gardens. One witness tells us, almost with tears in his eyes, of the depredations committed by these feathered thieves on his gooseberries and currants. He is a family man, and his children are fond of jams, as healthy children should be. But alas! those buds of promise will never ripen into the berries of performance. The bills of saucy sparrows, demure chaffinches, and pert tomtits, have ruined his hopes and left his babes lamenting. Another witness unhappily had a serious quarrel with his wife because she used all the old linen in the house to make "charpie" for the Germans, whilst his neighbour, whose garden was draped in white rags like a Liliputian camp when an armistice has been proclaimed, was assumed to have enjoyed absolute immunity from attack. Matters were growing serious when the gentleman, whose old clothes had been forwarded for the use of the sick and wounded, was suddenly much comforted, and eventually reconciled to his better half, by a solemn assurance from his neighbour that all *his* efforts in the way of protection had proved absolutely useless.

Mr. Lowe's gun tax is declared to be a special blessing for sparrows, who will now be allowed to live out their term of days, gain experience by age, and impart their increased wisdom to their offspring. Already the semi-civilized "small bird" is asserted to be more than a match for a man as regards wiles, weapons, and warnings; and now, the gun tax has been as good as an Education Act to him, since it gives him leisure and security to complete his studies in predatory tactics. Such statements are calculated to injure Mr. and Mrs. Passer and family seriously in the public mind. The charges are many and grievous, and the consequences important, whilst the future is described as sufficiently gloomy. We cannot help thinking that the foregoing abstract of evidence is more forcible than conclusive. It is certainly one sided, nor is it devoid of a strong hostile animus, as the following sentence shows:—"Their imprudence is as bad as their impertinence; for you may almost trick them up as you walk; they would like to dispute the path with you."

We must, however, hear another witness for the prosecution, who deposed as follows: "I have a garden; I wish the court could see it. Recently I could have swept up the buds under my fruit trees by the dustpan full, now there is nothing but a beggarly array of empty branches. The mischief might have been prevented, but I was absent on an angling excursion, and my man is one of those geniuses who never troubles himself to notice anything, so the finches and tomtits worked their wicked wills at my expense. As for the sentimental nonsense of "a worm in the bud," I laugh at it. I think that instead of a rubbishing gun tax for their preservation, there ought to have been a poll-tax for their destruction. Mr. Lowe has not deserved well of his country, and I hope he may never more eat a peach of his own growing." Here the indignant witness was called to order. After some confusion, the examination was resumed as follows: "The point on which I take my stand is this: If I had only my fair share of birds I should not mind, but as my garden offers the lazy beasts an easy means of getting a living, I really believe they come from all parts of the country. I wish they would stay away for the benefit of the agriculturist, who professes to appreciate them. What is the use of people telling me they don't do any harm. I *will* put in my protest against being prohibited from knocking sparrows, bullfinches, and those infernal tomtits, on the head whenever I see occasion to do so; and as to being persuaded that twenty times my share of birds is good for me, I won't have it at any price.—(Great laughter). And now for another point. I am told constantly, by way of example, that some time ago the French killed down nearly all their small birds; whereupon something or other happened, and the survivors of the much injured race received a humble apology, and were allowed to increase and multiply in security. Who will give me chapter and verse for the facts? As for the twaddle about sparrow clubs, it is all bosh; a dozen pair of hawks would kill more than all our guns. My belief is, the little thieves don't care for grubs if they can get seeds or anything better, and that whilst they pretend to be looking for them they are devouring the fruit germs by thousands." Further evidence of the same kind was offered by several other witnesses, but as nothing new was elicited, we shall consider the case for the prosecution closed.

We will now offer a brief epitome of the facts adduced for the defence, as time prevents our giving any further evidence *in extenso*. It was observed that gardens do and must suffer, in some degree, from the attacks of birds; that no one advocates the unchecked increase of these animals; that whilst protected by the killing of hawks, stoats, and the like, sparrow clubs, professional trappers, and cockney sportsmen, practically wage a too successful war of extermination against them. It was further shown, that in a single parish, 10,983 small birds were killed in a season. Much instructive matter was adduced in support of the benefits conferred on man by the labours of birds. To give this with the inimitable clearness with which it was put out is impossible, and we only trust our high-pressure condensation may not make perspicuity unintelligible. We will follow, however, the statement of facts in the order in which they were given.

1.—As regards the fecundity of insects—Dr. Gloger proved that in order to arrest the ravages of an insect (Phalæna) that infests the olive, an attempt was made to collect the eggs. In one day, in a single olive yard, four bushels, or about 180,000,000 ova were gathered.

2.—As regards the depredations of insects—In a work of enormous labour and research, *Des Insectesat des Oiseaux*, the following are examples of facts proved and results estimated. The value of cereals destroyed in a single year in one of the eastern departments of France was valued at £160,000. In another district, in a harvest which produced £180, it was necessary to calculate a loss of £108, which, could it have been avoided, would have yielded £288. In another department, acres of wood were ordered to be felled, partly because the trees were perishing from the attacks of insects and partly in the hope of destroying the ravagers.

3.—As regards the destruction of insects by birds—We note only a single example, which was demonstrated before the Acclimatisation Society of Paris. Under one sparrow's nest the rejected wings of cockchafers were picked up and counted: they numbered over 1,400.

4.—As regards the re-introduction and preservation of birds previously destroyed—In the vicinity of Baden a price was set on the head of the sparrow and other kindred species, and soon not a bird was to be found in the neighbourhood. It was subsequently found that, deprived of their services, the agriculturist could not contend successfully against the cockchafer and other winged insects, and the very men who offered a price for his destruction offered a still higher price for his re-introduction into the country. Rooks, likewise, had been doomed in the neighbourhood of Montville, and it was soon found the depredations they committed were not to be compared with the depredations they prevented, and they, also, were honourably re-established.

We have already noticed that an open verdict was delivered in the case. We will now endeavour to sum up briefly. That small birds will eat fruit and seeds is beyond question, but then they take only a small part of what they have contributed to preserve. The labourer is worthy of his hire, more especially when the value of his work is so much in excess of the wages he receives. Moreover, after sowing the beds in our gardens, and when the cherries and strawberries are ripe, moderate care and watchfulness will insure only so small a loss as can well be afforded. There appears little reason to doubt that the majority of small birds which haunt our gardens in the spring do so because in such places vegetation is more early than in the open country, and grubs can then be found there that could not be obtained elsewhere. As to the general utility of birds, we consider the matter settled by the researches of so many distinguished observers in France, as well as elsewhere on the continent.

Did space allow, we would speak at some length of M. Prevost; at present we can only allude to him. This indefatigable naturalist, assisted by the administrators of the crown lands and forests, ascertained experimentally, week by week, the contents of the stomachs of every species of land bird indigenous in France, and was able to demonstrate in what proportion they fed on insects, and what particular insect each sought out and destroyed, and consequently what plants were under special and definite protection. It may safely be asserted that seven-tenths of the food of small birds consists of insects. We believe that if greed did not obscure our British understandings, the charges ever and anon brought against these indefatigable labourers would never be heard. The fact is, man is a selfish animal, and has no objection to any number of volunteers working for him, but is pretty sure to quarrel with them if they ask even for the smallest compensation. John Bull can generally appreciate useful work, and only undervalues it when called on to pay the bill. The public constitute our jury; to them we have delivered our charge, and we confidently expect they will give a verdict for Messrs. Passer & Co., the defendants in this case. In our private capacity we solemnly protest that, were we in the box, we would eat our boots before finding for the plaintiffs.

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MIDLAND RAILWAY.

CHEAP WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN.

Every Friday and Saturday, until Saturday, October 28th, 1871, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND MALVERN, by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for returning by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

Stations.	FARES. To Buxton.		To Matlock.		To Malvern.	
	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Manchester	6 0	4 6	9 6	7 0	24 0	18 3
Stockport (Tev. Dale)	5 0	3 6	8 6	6 0	22 0	16 0
Stalybridge } .... Guide Bridge }	5 0	3 6	9 0	6 6	23 6	17 6

In Manchester Tickets can be obtained at Cook's Excursion and Tourist Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALPORT,
Derby, June, 1871. General Manager.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXCURSIONS TO ROMILEY, MARPLE, NEW MILLS, AND HAYFIELD. Every Saturday, until further notice, Cheap Trains will run as under:—

Stations.	Times of Stating.		To Romiley or Marple and back.		To New Mills and back.		To Hayfield and back.	
MANCHESTER	p m	p m	1 cls	C. C	1 cls	C. C	1 cls	C. C
London-rd, d.	1 20	2 25	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
ARDWICK	1 24	2 29	2 0	1 0	2 6	1 3	3 0	1 6
Oldham, Clegg-s	1 23	...						
Stalybridge	1250	1 55						
Ashton (Pk. Pd.)	1254	1 59	1 6	0 9	2 6	1 0	2 6	1 3
Dukinfield	1256	2 2						
GUIDE BRIDGE	1 40	2 40						
STOCKPORT(T.D)	1 35	2 50	1 6	0 9	2 6	1 0	2 6	1 3

For particulars of Return Times, see bills, to be had at the Stations.

London Road Station, R. G. UNDERDOWN,
Manchester, June, 1871. General Manager.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES.

The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb parcels carriage paid to any part of the kingdom.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

On Saturday, 10th June, and every Saturday until further notice, CHEAP TICKETS will be issued to MOTTRAM, HADFIELD, and GLOSSOP, by the Train leaving Manchester (London Road Station) at 1 45 p.m., and Ardwick at 1 50 p.m.; returning from Glossop at 7 40 and 8 58 p.m., Hadfield at 7 46 and 9 0 p.m., and Mottram at 7 56 and 9 10 p.m.

FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY.

	1st Class.	Cov. Carr.
To Mottram	2s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
,, Hadfield or Glossop	2s. 6d.	1s. 3d.

London Road Station, R. G. UNDERDOWN,
Manchester, June, 1871. General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN, AND MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, & LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

Cheap FIVE, EIGHT, or TWELVE DAYS' EXCURSION to LOWESTOFT, YARMOUTH, CAMBRIDGE, ELY, HUNSTANTON, NORWICH, LYNN, and WISBEACH.

On Monday, 26th June, a Special Train will run as under:—

STATIONS.	Time.	FARE. To Hunstanton, Norwich, Yarmouth, or Lowestoft, and back.		To Cambridge, Ely, Lynn, or Wisbeach, and back.	
		First Class.	Cov. Carr's.	First Class.	Cov. Carr's.
	a.m.				
Stockport (Tiv. Dale)	9 40				
Manchester	10 10				
Oldham (Clegg-st.)..	9 40				
Stalybridge	9 55				
Ashton	9 59	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Macc'sfi'ld (new sta.)	9 10	25 6	15 0	21 0	11 0
Bollington	9 15				
New Mills.....	8 49				
Marple	8 57				
Hyde	10 12				
Guide Bridge	10 25				

Returning on Friday, 30th June, Monday 3rd, or Friday, 7th July.

For particulars of return times, &c., &c., see bills, to be had at the stations. R. G. UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.

BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.

Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.

During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.

Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

AND OINTMENT

Are the best, cheapest, and the most popular remedies. At all seasons and under all circumstances they may be used with safety and with the certainty of doing good. Eruptions, rashes, and all descriptions of skin diseases, sores, ulcerations, and burns are at once benefited and ultimately cured by these healing, soothing, and purifying medicaments. The Ointment rubbed upon the abdomen checks all tendency to irritation in the bowels, and averts diarrhœa and other disorders of the intestines so prevalent during the summer and fruit seasons. Heat lumps, blotches, pimples, inflammations of the skin, muscular pains, neuralgic affections, and enlarged glands can be effectually overcome by using Holloway's remedies according to the instructions accompanying every packet.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

OWEN'S PATENT PERAMBULATORS

Will hold either **ONE OR TWO** children without any increase in the width of the Carriage from that of an ordinary **SINGLE ONE.**

Write or call for the New Illustrated Book of Prices for Perambulators and Invalid Carriages, free, containing **OPINIONS** of the **PRESS** on this novel **INVENTION.**

NEW CARRIAGE SHOW ROOMS,
15, PICCADILLY,
OPPOSITE MOSLEY STREET,
1, OLDHAM STREET & 80, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER.

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 1d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every label, being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

Printed by JOHN HEYWOOD, of the Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the Excelsior Printing Works, Hulme Hall Road, and Published by him at 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester — Saturday, June 17th, 1871.